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THE DAILY CARMELITE

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ON PAPER WINGS

Exclusive in The Daily Carmelite

by ... FREDERICK O'BRIEN

WHAT the big money people want, is that the unemployment crisis pass without changing our business system. They believe that any change, such as unemployment insurance, large and immediate expenditures by Uncle Sam would, insidiously, if not overtly, take power, or money in taxes, from them. So they will let stretch the tenuous string of poverty, fear, rebellion, but, not to the breaking point; breaking the Republican rule or the hearts of the masses. Before then, they will expend huge sums, call industrial conventions, and look to be rewarded as the saviors of humanity.

¶ ¶

A KISS from Greta Garbo would set a tree on fire, writes a movie magazine owner, I know. What really happened was that it cost him a few pages and pictures, and nothing burned or, even, sparked, but the cigarette lighter. I remember that twenty-five years ago in Naples, a *bella ragazza* told me I'd need no carburetor or gas for my car if I took her on to Sicily. How people flatter their little canned heat; so soon cold!

¶ ¶

SAN Francisco and Los Angeles bank stocks are down to 1927 price levels.

¶ ¶

UNIVERSITIES are broadening. Yale discards Latin and Greek as needs, and Northwestern presents modern merits stripped of all that old guff about saints and seers. Twenty male, twenty female students, and ten profs voted Al Capone the greatest figure in the news, with Jack Dempsey, Clara Bow, and Peggy Joyce as the most interesting galaxy. Why keep up the pretense about Einstein, G. Washington, to say nothing of Socrates or St. Paul, being important? Rah, rah, rah, they're merely blah!

¶ ¶

HELEN HOYT, poetess, writes me from Rancho del Molino, that my Carmelite saying that happy marriages are made in bed, should be, unhappy marriages are made in bed. You can couch it, either way. Formerly, marriages were made on the sofa, and at shindigs; now, they are made in motor cars, and at ginpigs.

OUT OF IT ALL—IN CARMEL

by LINCOLN STEFFENS

Carmel is a comfortable community; its taxpayers a people of peace—or something. For several continuing weeks we have been—the United States too—on the brink of another, and a better and bigger, world war, and no one in Carmel mentions it. Berlin feels it some, Paris sees and is prepared for it, London and the English are scared half to death, Wall Street is on the wire and Soviet Russia, anxious, is watching and trembling from afar. The metropolitan newspapers show that New York and Chicago, Washington and San Francisco are aware of the menace. I haven't been over there, but the "Peninsula Herald" has reported enough to indicate that Monterey is at least "on." It must be unpleasant for an imaginative person to live out in the hard, cold, practical world these days.

But here in Carmel all is peace. There is no rumor of war, no dread, no thought of danger. We are an intellectual community of men and women with imagination: poets, painters, thinkers, debaters and musicians. And we care. Some of us have children and all of us know or have heard that in the next war there will be killing behind the lines, back of the front of boys who have protected grown-ups in other wars. We are pacifists, many of us, professional pacifists. We are doing our level best all the time we have to spare to wish an end to war and establish peace and good-will among men. We are an extraordinary people, we Carmelians. I have never appreciated before how fortunate we all are to have got together, all us exceptional people in such an appropriate, beautiful place, remote from the alarums of trouble for other people. But just the same I cannot quite understand the cool serenity of my neighbors. Half of them believe in the League of Nations; all of them trust scraps of paper, called treaties of peace. But the League of Nations does not appear in the news in this crisis. It does not seem to be doing a thing now that war is threatening; it has probably been told to mind its own business till its bosses, the war-makers have made another temporary peace on another scrap of paper. This blind faith in the League does not explain us. Half of us do not believe in the League; half of us hold to the theory that wars, like unemployment and depressions and hard times and all that, are due to and to be prevented by economic arrangements. They can't be regulated like the railroads, gas, power, etc. We think that politics and diplomacy and all these "steps toward" peace and prosperity are U. S. bunk.

My tentative conclusion is that the rare and beautiful Carmelians are undisturbed and undisturbing because we are wiser and sweeter, less merely intelligent and more intellectual than the ordinary low-brows that populate the rest of this feverish world. Anyhow it is nice to be here now, it is a privilege for a war-and-peace correspondent to live in Carmel at this critical time in world history.

No, I am not carrying on that agitating debate.

THE TRAIL AHEAD

Friday, July twenty-fourth—Reading of Philip Barry's "Tomorrow and Tomorrow," Carol Eberts Veazie, in the Greenroom of the Studio Theatre; second reading, July twenty-ninth, "Green Grow the Liliacs."

Saturday, July twenty-fifth—Kathleen Parlow-Margaret Tilly, violin-piano sonatas, Denny-Watrous Gallery.

Tuesday, July twenty-eighth—Brosa Quartette, concluding recital, Studio Theatre of the Golden Bough.

Thursday, July thirtieth—"A Midsummer Night's Dream," produced by Herbert Heron at Forest Theater. Continuing Friday, Saturday and Sunday evenings.

Miss Hortense Berry 537

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Personalia

George Middleton, the playwright, and his wife, Fola LaFollette, sister of Senator Robert M. LaFollette and resuscitator of "The Freeman," will be in Carmel today to call on Lincoln Steffens on their way to Hollywood.

Margaret Tilly, pianist, left Monday for San Francisco, after spending the week-end with Dene Denny and Hazel Watrous. She will return on Friday, for the second concert of the violin-piano sonata series with Kathleen Parlow, violinist, who left early Sunday morning for San Frarncisco, to attend a rehearsal of the Parlow Quartet, sponsored by Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge.

A delightful Sunday morning breakfast was given by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dickinson in the garden of their home on the Point. Among those present were Mrs. George Blackman, Mr. and Mrs. David O'Neill, Mrs. Ralph Seymour, Mr. and Mrs. John O'Shea, Margaret Tilly, Dene Denny, and Hazel Watrous.

Miss Elizabeth Simpson, well known Berkeley musician, who together with her sister has been occuyping a Carmel cottage for the last ten days, left Wednesday for her Berkeley studio, which she will open on August first for her fall classes.

Mrs. Julia Brenig, formerly of Monterey and more recently of the Sunset School staff, was in Carmel yesterday. She is now teaching at Montezuma private school, near Los Gatos.

Dr. James J. Sharp, of Palo Alto, one-time dean of the U. C. College of Dentistry, and Mrs. Sharp, have been in Carmel recently, the guests of Lincoln Steffens.

Among those who motored down for the Parlow-Tilly concert on Saturday evening were Dr. and Mrs. Force of the University of California.

Mr. Henry Eicheim, distinguished composer, is a guest at Peter Pan Lodge.

Louis Malone, young piano student and composer whose studied with Dene Denny in Carmel for two years, has returned from the Peabody Institute, where he has been enrolled on a scholarship.

Mrs. Joseph Sinel, wife of the New York designer, was in town over the week-end.

A COMPOSER AT WORK

Word comes from Roy Harris, modern composer, who was on the Peninsula recently for the music teachers convention, that he is settled in the MacDowell colony, Petersborough, for the summer, with access to an unusually well equipped library where he will be able to work undisturbed on his lecture-recital series for the next season.

Quoting Bertha Knisely in the "Saturday Night," (July eleventh): "There is no question in my mind as to Roy Harris' deep-rooted musical impulse, his mental capacity, and his own driving power—he is a fiend for work. Harris has something else—perhaps, the most important of all—a genuine desire to serve his country by contributing of his musical knowledge as widely as possible. To this end he has given many lectures in the last year and will give a series at the Los Angeles Public Library next year." (This series also in the Denny-Watrous Gallery.)

"Harris will pass August at the Congressional Library, Washington, in intensive research—his study confined to melodic styles, from the Gregorian Chant down to date. The Congressional Library houses a wealth of rare, old editions. At the MacDowell Colony there is an excellent library of general music with especially complete Bach editions. Harris expects to secure materials there, too, but will devote most of his time to completion of certain compositions now under way."

EXHIBITS

William P. Silva's exhibit at the Del Monte Galleries continues until August first.

***

The Stanley Wood exhibit of water colors and drawings in the Denny-Watrous Gallery will continue until Saturday.

***

Paintings by Catherine Seideneck are being shown at Ruth Waring's studio.

***

Edda Maxwell Heath is showing at her studio a collection of paintings recently exhibited in the Babcock Galleries, New York.

***

Edward Weston's exhibit of photographs, in the Denny-Watrous Gallery, will open with an public reception on Monday evening next, July twenty-seventh, from eight to ten o'clock. The exhibit will be retrospective, showing Weston's work from 1914 to date. The larger part of the exhibit will be prints of the last year, those shown in the New York show, and a number which have not before been shown.

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A. R. GLYDE ..... *Business Manager*
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Carmel Day by Day

By THE GADFLY

Up and anon. Thoughts while meandering. Sh—— and a couple of outstanding shushes. A Bug-Specialist is in our midst for at least two fortnights. His label sounds clerical. He plans a systematic study of *insect life* in our environs. To facilitate his futile research for my spontaneous gyrations, be it divulged that I belong to the illustrious lineage of the Genera Tabanus Chrysops; my coat-of-arms bears the insignia—Tabanus Lineola and I hang around stables, cess-pools and other domestic niceties. Don't follow me, big boy, as I sling a treacherous proboscis. Go on with your insecting but pass up us dipterous boys.

Page Dempsey. Observed that Dolores street went pugilisty for a spell. Kid Post-Office and Battling Western Union fisticuffed on the Dolores Mat. Why go to Reno? Married folks smiled and giggled at the familiarity of the scene; blood-thirsty youths were dis-appointed with the outcome. Is this an argument con or pro the League of Nations? Don't interrogate me. Consult our autobiography-debator on this inter-national subtlety. I should annoy my medulla oblongata.

Did you ever visit the Neapolitan area of this village? Or is it Tortilla Flat or what? Geography was always difficult for me anyway. Reckon by the sun-dial that it's latitude is between Dolores and Junipero and its longitude from Seventh to Tenth streets. A cantankerous sore and maybe a cancerous sore on the corpus of the hamlet. Yellow boys from near and around the island of Cebu domicile with gals of the Caucasian tribe. Call out the village militia and give this part of the civic environs a strong cathartic. Don't reveal this secret to the City Padres but let the Police Dept. majestically ascend his horsey and go prancing thither with devastating tread. Shall I loiteringly follow for moral support? Now don't get obstreperous; my proboscis is all tangled up with my antennae and I'm dull of heart over the whole darn mix-up.

Oh, heydey of my insect youth. Tomorrow I feast with Epicurean abandon on the prolific banquet about the stables at the entrance to our Civic Domain. Let joy reign *a la* Nero, for I feign would make a piker out of Caligula. Sink, thou tardy sun; my Gibraltan appetite awaits the morn. See you at the stables.

SHAKESPEARE WALKS AGAIN IN THE FOREST THEATER

by SUSAN PORTER

When the actors in an amateur play begin to live in their parts, when the lines they speak come leaping into everyday talk, when they care, in brief, the producer knows that a real thing has taken root and will grow. Then, of course, he longs for five weeks of rehearsal instead of three, that this precious wavering life may have its chance.

In the last act of "Midsummer Night's Dream," rehearsed under a swirl of fog on the Forest Theater stage the other evening, we spectators saw this moment of coming to life. Edward Girzi, the tall young Duke Theseus of the production suddenly took on stateliness; Helena's voice began to have real dismay in it; Demetrius' suddenly became her protector with a stride across the stage and a strong tender arm about her; Lysander and Hermia were all at once aware of the other two as well as of themselves in the network of their tangled fates—and in the network of that subtle tentuous changing thing we call a production.

This group of the young Athenian lovers includes Peggy Mather as Hermia, a gift of great poise and sense of the stage, Barbara Sweet as Helena; also Frederick Rummelle, the Demetrius, who made an excellent first Carmel appearance in "Julius Caesar" last summer, and as Lysander, Niles Douglas, who has had experience with the San Francisco Theatre Guild and the Reginald Travers Players.

Local Observations

by LOCAL OBSERVER NO. ONE

"Wot-a-Man," shouted a youngster at the local moving picture theatre the other night, when a big raw-boned cowboy strode across the screen. Who says our kids do not keep track of Ma Kennedy.

——

Our local police force, who always get their man, dead or alive, are not after The Gadfly. A friend even accused me of being that elusive writer. Thanks for the compliment.

——

A lady has informed me that pottery making was the oldest profession in the world. Methinks that honor(?) belongs to another profession.

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(Around the world, via Bookhaven)

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Of ocean, woods and mountain peaks;
But I'll traverse this mundane ball
And circle-tour it in two weeks.

I'll sail with Twain from old New York
And head the *Quaker City's* prow
For far Port Said whence I'll embark
With Kim and Kipling for Lucknow.

From old Bombay, or Mandalay,
I'll go to Nippon's distant isle
Where Loti and *Chrysantheme*
Shall entertain me for awhile.

Then through South Seas to *Mystic Isles*
Which Fred O'Brien so highly prized,
Where native garb is mostly smiles
And man is more than civilized.

While homeward bound I'll go with Harte
From Frisco to his *Roaring Camp*
And *Poker Flats* whence I'll depart
For my *Main Street*; there ends my tramp.

Around the World in Fourteen Days—
Verne's trip with mine cannot compare.
No tips, no tickets, no delays
While touring in my old arm-chair.

—TOM T. NESS

(Tom T. Ness is the pen-name of a Carmel resident who writes short-stories—which is no distinction here—and who sells his stories—which is distinctly a distinction here.)

COWELL CONCERT

Henry Cowell, composer-pianist, will present an informal evening of his compositions, preceded by a talk on scientific aspects of new music at the Rudolph Shaeffer Studios, San Francisco on Friday evening, July twenty-fourth.

LATEST BOOKS AT THE LIBRARY

Non-Fiction

Browne—Since Calvary.
Madariaga—The Genius of Spain and other Essays on Spanish Literature.
Madariaga—Englishmen, Frenchmen, Spaniards; An Essay in Contemporary Psychology.
Mathews—The Growth of the Idea of God.

Fiction

Brand—The Happy Family
Hamilton—The Adversary in Tomika
Lutz—The Chance of a Lifetime
McKenna—Dermotts Rampant
Mottram—Castle Island
Olivier—Dwarf's Blood
Rosman—The Sixth Journey
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